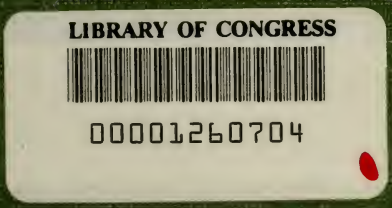
F 595
.C45



D 240
455

WESTERN MEMORIES

WESTERN MEMORIES

BY
ELEANOR TAYLOR CHANDLER

PHILADELPHIA
THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY
1914

F595
.C45

Copyright, 1914, by
ELEANOR TAYLOR CHANDLER

Published December, 1914

Press of
The John C. Winston Company
Philadelphia

$1.00

DEC 16 1914

©CLA387956

no1

To

My Father

It is with love that I dedicate this little book to the one who has made everything possible for me, giving me not only love but companionship throughout my life.

PREFACE

This little book is written in the hope that those less fortunate, who feel within themselves the tremendous longing to know of God's wonderful works of Nature but have never been able to be near and see, may enjoy the experiences I have had.

Everything is true; everything was seen and felt by me, but no descriptions written by man can ever equal the tremendous work done by Nature at the hands of God.

PREFACE

I do not profess to write. My one aim is to try to give my friends a little pleasure, and possibly to convey a little of the pleasure and happiness I have had in my short life.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Ranching in Wyoming ...	13
II.	Through the Yellowstone on Horseback ...	29
III.	The Canadian Rockies and Alaska	45
IV.	California and the Grand Canyon	63
	L'Envoi	83

RANCHING IN WYOMING

CHAPTER I

Ranching in Wyoming

AT the age of eighteen, when life is sweet and beautiful, when a girl looks through rose-colored glasses and sees naught but beauty, I was told that I was to spend the summer on a ranch. Can anyone imagine the feelings of joy I had on having such news imparted to me on a bright Spring morning! Having a longing for the freedom of prairies, the feel

of a good horse, and to see the vast expanse of country, I was lost in joyful anticipation.

The little ranch was located outside of Sheridan, Wyoming, at the foot-hills of the Big Horn mountains. The train ride was rather uninteresting and very long and tiresome, so when the conductor called "Sheridan!" at the end of three days, we were more than glad to step off the train, for we were throbbing with thoughts of the new experiences ahead of us.

Sheridan is a typical Western town, one long, wide, main street running through it, shops on both sides filled with inviting Indian baskets, Navajo

blankets and pottery made by the Red Men. Perhaps next door will be a shop where tobacco, riding apparel, saddles and bridles are sold. A few doors below will be what is commonly termed a saloon, with a half dozen or more cowboys loitering lazily outside, most picturesque in their cowboy hats, spurs and chaps. We had a ride of eighteen miles from the village to the ranch. I can now remember my first view of the prairies! Dear reader, unless you have seen and known that vast expanse of country, I am afraid you will not be able to feel with me that sense of smallness and loneliness all in one that I experienced with my

first view. The sun had just set, leaving an after-glow of many soft colors fading one into another, and peeping over the horizon the full moon was slowly rising, giving to that world a radiance such as she gives nowhere else. It was truly beautiful, and as we dashed along driven by a cowboy in a coach drawn by six western horses, hearing no sounds but the soft pounding of their unshod hoofs, and an occasional crack of the long lash, I surely thought it was all a dream.

But fortunately I soon woke to realization, for as the coach swung around the corner and the driver threw the reins to a waiting cowboy,

we heard for the first time in hours the sound of human voices. The arrival of the coach means a great deal, so midst many cheers the people of the ranch with one rush were there to greet us.

The ranch house was small and of frame structure, very important looking for a ranch and more commonplace than I in my prism-colored glasses had imagined it. A quarter of a mile from the house were rows of tiny log cabins where the men slept, while near the house were huge tents arranged as living quarters for the women. In view of the house were the corrals where the horses were brought in each evening from the

prairies, to be fed, watered and saddled. Surrounding the corrals were the outhouses.

The country itself was not flat and uninteresting, but exceedingly rolling, for we were in what is termed the land of *buttes*.

Never shall I forget my first dinner there, or what the Westerners termed supper, for we had dinner in the middle of the day, as I afterwards learned. Being only eighteen, as I have already said, I had the vanity of any other girl of that age, and decided to look my very prettiest that first night on the ranch, so out of my trunk came—as I thought—my most becoming little red silk

frock. With all the assurance in the world, and all the pomp, glory and dignity that my five feet two gave me, I walked in to the dining-room. After a moment of absolute silence, one cowboy jumped up from his chair crying: "Three cheers for the dresser." In one second it seemed to me that no Roman conqueror ever heard more noise or demonstration on his victorious return from the wars than this poor little frightened girl on her entrance into a dining-room in a little red dress. Such a lesson it was, too! For ever after a flannel shirt, khaki skirt and leggins were worn, and the vanity as well as the red dress had to be locked away.

My life there for the first month was spent largely in riding over the prairies. I never grew tired of the easy motion of my horse, but if I felt more in the humor for life I had a horse saddled that fairly flew.

Each night we would ride six miles for the mail, returning home in either the starlight or moonlight; and how wonderful it was, too, to feel the soft breezes blowing gently against one's face, to feel the easy motion of a good horse, and to look up and see millions of stars staring down—no sign of life—nothing but endless miles of undulating country. And as one brings his horse to a standstill at the top of a small hill or

butte, a feeling comes slowly stealing over—a feeling of goodness, of bigness, of contentment, and a feeling of absolute trust in something more powerful than ourselves. I have had that feeling many, many times while riding along in the moonlight, for the solitude and beauty of the night bring us nearer to better and higher things.

One interesting experience was on the Fourth of July when a party of us had our horses saddled and rode fourteen miles to a little village where they were to celebrate the Fourth of July with riding competitions and races. I remember the little village so well, for it boasted of two hundred

people and could hardly be called a village, it was so small. We were the only Easterners there; cowboys with their families and some without them had ridden miles and miles, and such an interesting picture they made, too, and how they could ride! In the competition the man who could stay on a bucking horse the longest won fifty dollars. It was a fight between man and beast for supremacy. Each showed superb stubbornness and strength, and each only gave in to the other when that will had been conquered.

We were looked over so many times and labelled "tenderfoot" by so many cowboys in their superior way,

that I felt that we had afforded them considerable amusement.

A circus in the West is very interesting, too, for the poor souls seldom ever see human beings outside of their own families, so when a circus arrives in a place like Sheridan, families start days ahead and drive miles and miles, never tiring as long as they have the thought of excitement, fellowship and diversion in mind.

One day a party of eight of us started for a sixty-mile ride into the foot-hills of the Big Horn mountains. We left very early in the morning, just after the sun had risen, and jogged along easily, stopping at the different ranches to rest and for

refreshments. As we started up the winding mountain I can see even now, after nine years, the wonderful panoramic view of the country for sixty miles around. The light of the prairies and sunset mingling together made a peculiar softness, such as I had never seen before nor since. We spent the night in a tiny log cabin nestled in the mountains, and how good the grouse tasted, and what a wild feeling there was, for we heard the cry of the distant coyotes, and an occasional growl of a hungry bear, making us glad that we were under the shelter of a roof, frail as it was. Our ride back the next day was rather interesting, as on the way

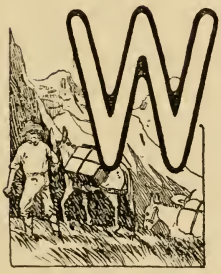
we saw a polo game between cowboys. It was hard to follow the riders, for they all looked alike in their chaps, and their horses dashed by with such rapidity that the men were lost to our eyes in the mass of players, horses and mallets.

With thirty miles still ahead of us, much to our regret we left the polo game and turned our horses towards home. And such a ride as the last fifteen miles was! The sun had set, and long ere we reached the ranch our only guide was the moon. In all her glory, she bathed us in her rays of silver and made the world a hushed, hallowed place of beauty.

THROUGH THE YELLOW-STONE ON HORSEBACK

CHAPTER II

Through the Yellowstone on Horseback



WE have all of us heard of Colonel Cody, or "Buffalo Bill," yet I feel there are few who know that out in Wyoming there is a little village called Cody, from which leads a wonderful trail of ninety-three miles to the entrance of the Yellowstone Park, founded and named by Colonel Cody. It is a trail of wondrous

beauty, of wildness and of untiring interest to those who are fortunate enough to have traveled over it and to have been received into the arms of Nature. For there Nature reigns supreme!

Our outfit consisted of cowboys, six-horse wagons carrying our tarps or sleeping-bags, several wagons filled with cooking utensils and food, and twenty wildly enthusiastic people waiting impatiently for new experiences to begin.

After much delay the outfit finally started. I can see now how slowly the train of horses and people crept, how the village began to fade, how the country began to become more

mountainous and wild, and how at last we found ourselves lost to all things but those made by God.

I remember so well our camp that first night. We halted beside a little stream. The horses were soon unsaddled, the cooking utensils unpacked, the fire began flaming and soon the delicious odor of food came to us. To anyone after a forty-mile ride nothing could be more welcome, nothing could make one forget the aches and pains more quickly than the sight of a huge fire, the delicate perfume of the burning wood and the actual sight of food. I am sure no one has forgotten that first meal, and how good it tasted.

Supper being over, now we could find heart to fully appreciate the wonderful novelty of our new life. The big fire was still burning brightly, the stars had come out one by one, and "Day, like a weary pilgrim, had reached the western gate of Heaven, and Evening stooped down to unloose the latchets of his sandal shoon." Evening brings quiet and repose. As its shadows fall, birds and animals seek their shelter, and even inanimate Nature seems to compose itself to rest. And so we rested! Mother Earth received our tired bodies, and with the mountain standing guard, the little stream drowsily flowing by, and the soft air

murmuring a lullaby, we fell into the land of dreams!

We awoke next morning much refreshed with the night's rest in the open air. The smell of fried eggs and bacon was soon wafted on the air, and even though the sun had barely reached our sheltered glade, we got up eagerly, went to the running stream, and after dashing ice-cold water on our faces were ready for whatever the day held. Breakfast being over the horses were lassoed and put in a temporary corral where saddles and bridles would be adjusted. Then with the breaking up of camp the day's ride would commence. On we rode through this strange,

wild mountain country. Ever following the Shoshone river, ever in sight of snow-capped mountains, ever finding with each turn of the trail some new and wonderful works of Nature. And so each day brought its wonderments, and night brought its rest and beauty, until we suddenly found ourselves at the entrance of the Yellowstone, but so wonderful had been our ride that we were fully prepared for all that the Park held for us, if such a thing as being "prepared" is possible.

Can I ever find words in my very small vocabulary to picture in full the Yellowstone Park! Can I ever make you see the geysers that play

so miraculously! Could I ever describe the wonderful colors of the canyon! Could I produce the feelings within you that must come to each and everyone as they gaze on the effervescent earth! I am afraid not, for it is something beyond human description and human understanding.

The name "Yellowstone" originated with the Indians, from the yellow cliffs of the Grand Canyon, as it was translated Roche Jaune (Yellow Rock) by early French traders. The reservation is fifty-five miles east and west by sixty-five miles north and south, embracing nearly three million acres. Thousands of

elk, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, buffalo, bear and smaller animals, and myriads of birds and water fowl have the government protection. There are also over two hundred miles of trout streams, which give much pleasure to the angler.

For two weeks we rode exploring this wonderland of the world with its beautifully colored pools, basins and terraces, mountains of sulphur and volcanic glass, stupendous waterfalls, and thousands of natural curiosities.

We would often stop by a running stream and take a sulphur bath, and what a queer sensation it was to bathe in natural hot water coming

from the bowels of the earth! The geysers were perhaps the most interesting, for who can really understand why at a certain time a volume of scalding water will be thrown at a height of from 20 to 250 feet, at intervals varying from one hour to fourteen days!

The canyon! The mere name brings to my mind a marvelous and brilliantly colored landscape where one sits for hours watching its ever changing colors without tiring.

And so we wandered on from day to day in this fairyland, ever seeing new and wonderful things, visiting Old Faithful, Mammoth Springs, Hell's Half Acre, Prismatic Lake,

and other geysers too numerous to name.

One night when the whole camp was sleeping, and the dying embers of our fire were the only signs of life, we were rudely awakened from our slumbers by a man's loud call for help. Instantly the camp changed from quiet to uproar. Lanterns were being flashed here and there, each one was asking the other what it all meant, and finally we found that one of the men had been dragged from his sleeping-bag by a huge grizzly bear! The beast had been attracted by the smell of our supper and so had wandered in search of food, finding a man to his liking in

place of bacon. Fortunately the cries of a human voice scared the beast off, but not before he had left his deadly tooth-marks in the shoulder of his victim. It may not be necessary to add that sleep for the rest of the night was abandoned, especially by the woman, for who knows a bear's powers of discrimination?

Never can those days of wandering be erased from my mind, for I can close my eyes and instantly they will come floating to me, carrying me back until I can feel my little horse under me as we rode through this wild country in rain, hail, snow and finally bathed in sunshine and

warmth. Then will come the night, with its glorious skies, its mysterious hours of solitude and wildness, its camp-fire and the memory of each face as the flames illuminated it while we sat listening to the stories of Indians, poachers and outlaws. Little did we realize that we were surrounded by men of a type who years ago were among the worst of the men who gambled, who killed, and thought nothing of God's laws.

How often I hear that call of the wild! How often I long to live through those happy care-free days again! And so out in that vast West the life of freedom calls; Nature is holding out her arms to those who

would be embraced; she will whisper again her innermost secrets to those who will respond.

Are those voices for me? Are they calling me to live again those dream days?

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES AND ALASKA

CHAPTER III.

The Canadian Rockies and Alaska.

CAN anyone imagine any two more alluring names? The Rockies bring to one's mind mountains of insurmountable heights and glaciers; Alaska, an uncivilized country, snow mountains and gold. These are the things we had to look forward to; these were the things we dreamed about long ere we started our journey.

Our trip out was most interesting,

as we went over the Great Lakes to Duluth, and from there to St. Paul, where the train for Banff was boarded.

After a day's ride on the Canadian Pacific over endless miles of prairies, through quaint little western villages, stopping at "Moose Jaw" and "Medicine Hat," we arrived at Banff.

Europe has its Switzerland, famed throughout the civilized world for the splendor of its mountain scenery, but to me the paradise of mountains is in the Rockies in the western part of Canada.

"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine into trees. The winds will blow their

own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves." There "Banff, the Beautiful," is situated. Mountains that roll and stretch away as far as the eye can reach in all directions, try to hide the little village from view.

From Banff we boarded the train again for Laggon, or Lake Louise. The beauty of this lake no words can describe, for it is certainly a masterpiece among Nature's works. At every hour of the day, with every sunset, with each night the colors ever change. At the end of the lake slants a huge glacier, which is fed by perpetual snows. Surrounding

the little lake are mountain peaks of snow at the height of ten to twelve thousand feet. To add to the picture a lovely chateau stands at the end. We were so interested in the servants there, as they were all Japanese and three times a day they would change their costume of lovely blue silk to perhaps pink or lavender. Truly it was a place of beauty and color, and truly the author spoke in this little verse:

"Lakes of gray at dawn of day,
In soft shadows lying;
Lakes of gold with gems untold
On thy bosom glowing.
Lakes of white,
At holy night
Glowing in the moonlight."

Leaving Lake Louise much to our regret we once again boarded the train for Glacier. Never have I seen such wonderful scenery as that we passed through. Caverns, mountains, streams, wildness of every description, surrounded us. For miles we ran along the famous Kicking Horse River, and as we passed the Great Divide a feeling of not being able to grasp all that this wildness meant seemed to creep through our very souls.

Glacier is so shut in on all sides by tremendous mountains that one feels as though nothing exists the other side of them. As one alights from the train instantly a feel-

ing of rest and peace creeps over one. The trees, the streams, and even the mountains speak "rest."

The glacier is gigantic, and how the sun shining on this huge piece of ice makes hundreds of glistening colors! How at night the moon and stars look down and see their faces in the glassy surface.

Our ride by train from Glacier to Victoria was one of continuous beauty. At Ducks we looked out of the window of our compartment, and there standing guard was a sentinel with a double-barreled shotgun. The train ahead of ours had been robbed, and several people killed,

so one can imagine our feelings the rest of the night.

From Victoria we took a boat to Vancouver across Puget Sound. Was I in a responsive mood; was it Mt. Hood, the indomitable snow-clad peak on which the sun sought to reflect his golden splendor, or could it be possible that each day as the sun set such colors were visible? Whatever it may have been, mountain, air or sun, I have never forgotten how lovely the whole picture was. And here at Vancouver we boarded the "Spokane," which was to take us into the land of mystery, of unrelenting Nature and of golden Alaska.

As I stood and realized for the first time that I was in Alaska, two verses of "The Land God Forgot" came to my mind:

"The lovely sunsets flame and die,
The giant valleys gulp the night,
The monster mountains scrape the sky,
Where diamond stars are diamond bright.

So gaunt against the gibbous moon,
Piercing the silence velvet piled,
A lone wolf howls his ancient rune—
The fell arch-spirit of the wild."

And lonely it truly was, but wonderful.

Alaska with her splendid invigorating climate; Alaska with her magnificent distances, her towering

snow-capped mountains, her majestic rivers, her fields of gold, her fisheries; Alaska, in the shadow of the midnight sun, with her glaciers and icebergs, held us spellbound!

The first stop of the cruise was Metlakatla, the village of Indians. There this little colony has been taught, has become civilized and been made a partner of the white men. Kasaan was a deserted village where nothing but totem poles stood, and interesting they were too, for they are the Indian family trees. So picturesque are the villages in this country of the North, for there all is quiet and peaceful, as there are no sounds of trains, trams, horses or

motors which fall discordant on our ears. Here the village is nestled at the foot of towering mountains which gradually slope down to the water's edge. There the air is always fresh, no smoke from factories, no asphalt pavements, nothing to mar the beauty of the quaint little village.

The houses are of low wooden structure and practically open on to the one boarded street of which the inhabitants brag. The shops add an uncivilized atmosphere too, for here can be bought nothing but the roughest materials, miners' outfits, and fishing-tackle too varied to name.

Often we would see the owner sitting outside on a wooden box whit-

tling, or perhaps playing with a little cub which had been brought down from the mountain, while waiting for trade.

And to add to the picturesque beauty one can see numerous fishing-smacks lying at anchor or under full sail slowly creep out to sea where they find more fish than our imagination is capable of grasping.

Two weeks we spent in visiting these strange, unthought-of villages, stopping at Skagway, Sitka and Juneau, the capital. Each little village is striving to be more civilized; each shows slow progress, and each is a busy little world in itself that must be respected. Douglas is the loca-

tion of the famous Treadwell Mines and was more than interesting. We also visited many fisheries and canneries, for which Alaska is famous.

One morning, while cruising from, one village to another, I put my head out of my port-hole and found we were surrounded on all sides by icebergs, but as they were the first I had ever seen, I was lost in admiration and wonder, consequently never realized the real danger until later; but having a good captain no harm befell us. When our steamer would stop for coal, we would go up in the mountain streams for trout. That is the wonderful country for fish—the streams were alive with them,

and often we would catch a salmon too.

One of the most interesting trips was the ride up the famous "White Pass," or entrance to the Klondike, where had streamed an army of men seeking gold. What tales of horror, of suffering, and at the same time of joy, could that Pass tell! It was a ride on a strange little railroad through the clouds until the summit of the mountain was reached. How beautiful, how uncivilized it all was!

The next day we saw Muir Glacier for the first time. This gigantic mass of blue ice with its dangerous *crevasses*, which has taken human life so relentlessly, extends over one-

hundred and fifty square miles. We walked for several miles over this moving ice, and terrible but fascinating it was, too. The guide showed us many places where men had met death by falling through the parted ice and had been helpless at the hands of Nature, the all-powerful. There had been many walks we had all enjoyed much more, I am sure, and I know we were all glad to step off this glacier in safety.

For centuries this glacier has been steadily rolling, steadily gathering the melting ice and snow from season to season, never ceasing.

And so after many days spent in this country of wildness and beauty

where one feels the freshness of day, sees the long shadows linger well into night, and at last night gradually fall upon us, we turned toward Vancouver. How unhappy we all were to leave Alaska, for had she not given us the beauty of her sunsets, had she not thrilled us with her stupendous beauties, had she not given us nights when the heavens seemed to be on fire with their radiance!

We felt she had only told us a few of her wonderful secrets, and so many were still waiting to be told.

Few of us ever think of that country so far away; but there, with its thousands of islands, its beautiful

bays, its calm inland seas, its bears and other wild animals, its gold fields and its people, exists a country of the far North full of romantic legends and full of wildness and of life.

CALIFORNIA AND THE GRAND CANYON

CHAPTER IV

California and the Grand Canyon

FTER days spent in the cold unresponsive beauty of Alaska, can you imagine how our souls reached out and drank in the warm golden sunshine of California, the land of sunshine, of flowers and of love! One imagines that sadness never could live in this country. There happiness must surely be, for the name California is magical. There the moon is

brighter, the stars are more numerous, and the soft smell of orange blossoms comes faintly to us. With every breath we felt as though we were breathing in romance. Unconsciously pictures of adventure, of red roses, and of beautiful faces would float before our eyes as we sat listening to the faint tinkle of guitars and the soft voices singing, "O Sole Mio."

San Francisco and Los Angeles were very much like eastern cities, but Santa Barbara was lovely, for there we were on the broad, blue Pacific ocean. Each afternoon we would ride through avenues of beautiful palm, cypress and pepper trees and others too numerous to name.

There flowers grow in profusion too, for each little face of flowerland seems to be prettier and of more delicate shading than its neighbor.

At Del Monte we took the famous seventeen-mile ride. For some strange reason the Pacific ocean seems bluer and more beautiful than the Atlantic. On this ride we felt it more. Perhaps it was the rugged beauty of the coast, perhaps it was the dazzling sunshine, or perhaps it was the wonderful coloring of land and sea that was there harmonized.

Rugged the coast was, and strange it was to see seals lying or crawling over the rocks. They are becoming

more nearly extinct each year owing to blasting farther up the coast.

Pasadena is a dream place in itself, for it is at the foot of Mt. Lowe in the Sierra Madre mountains, and has a view in every direction of unequaled beauty. The soft balmy air at any time of year is of course one of the greatest features.

One afternoon we took a trip up Mt. Lowe. After a ride up of three thousand feet in a funicular, we thought it would be impossible to see anything more wonderful, but after our climb we took an electric car which took us for five miles over twenty-five bridges, each giving us a dizzy sight of the earth beneath, and

around one hundred and twenty dangerous curves, which made us quiver from fright. Should there be one slip of anything, the car would drop thousands of feet into eternity.

It is truly a remarkable piece of engineering. And this little car with each turn gave us a view of the wildest, most uncivilized of mountains.

We saw the sun set as we came down from our dizzy height, and the full moon rose from behind the mountain. The whole picture was one of glory and one never to be forgotten.

Two hours from Los Angeles spent

in a small steamer brought us to Santa Catalina Island. This is an island of wondrous beauty, composed of mountain ranges, peaks, deep canyons and level stretches of lowlands.

It was supposed to have been discovered in 1542, and of course populated by Indians.

There we take a glass-bottomed boat and look down into a depth of a hundred feet. What a strange but busy world do we see! There are fish of all kinds swimming around and marvelous gardens of water life. If one cares for fishing at Santa Catalina Island in the Pacific ocean, a larger and greater

variety can be caught than in any other place in the world.

We took the train for Riverside at Los Angeles, and after a three-hour ride arrived at a most fascinating little city, for here the avenues are of cypress and palm trees; flowers are everywhere and one forgets that any kind of a material life is lived.

The hotel where we stayed was once an old monastery. Each evening at sunset the bells would ring for prayers as they did when monks lived in the mission house.

We visited a large ostrich farm, which was interesting, and on our way we passed through many orange

and grape-fruit groves. How fragrant the blossoms were, too!

California is a country having natural beauty, romance and progressiveness at the same time that no other country has. Few have ever been there who have not loved it, and few have not felt the life, fragrance and beauty of it all.

From Riverside we took the California Limited for the Gand Canyon of Arizona. We look over these endless miles of prairies as the train travels swiftly through this waste and wonder if this vastness and solitude ever ceases. Is there any wonder that people go mad for want of companionship, for out there the

prairies give nothing. They take the life and soul out of the poor human beings who must live there, and it is no wonder that the asylums are filled with men and women unable to stand burning sands and a life of solitude.

We see many Indians as we pass through Needles and other villages. They come up to the car window and try to sell their pottery, blankets and baskets. And I must say that the Indian woman who had her little papoose tied to her back was very apt to sell a blanket so that the purchaser might have a chance to admire the little Indian baby.

After this long and hot train ride

we arrived at the Grand Canyon. Why should I try to tell you my feelings when I gazed at the canyon for the first time? Why should I attempt to describe to you the marvelous beauty of it when others have failed? How could one possibly find words enough to make anyone see or feel this greatest work of Nature, or of God! For nowhere in this world does a canyon exist with such colors, such size and such wonderments! There is but one Grand Canyon!

We rode little burros down six thousand feet to the Colorado River, and as my little beast took the first turn of our dizzy, narrow trail I

thought the heart had gone from my body so frightened was I. When my equilibrium had been restored and I realized that I was still alive instead of lying dead thousands of feet below, I tried to grasp the scene around me. Not the most fervid pictures of a poet's fancy could transcend the glories revealed in the depths of the canyon! Inky shadows and the golden splendors of the sun beating against the red and yellow sides of the canyon but half make the marvelous vision complete. On down, down we rode over the "Bright Angels" trail, over the "Corkscrew," where we had to dismount owing to the narrow and steep trail, until

the Colorado River was reached. Such pigmies we were, of such little consequence here in this chaotic under-world, a boding, terrible thing and yet never a flower more exquisitely beautiful. As we rode up the trail we felt as though we were in a dream, for the sun was low in the west, the canyon was enveloped in a rosy-tinted hue shading to a mysterious purple shadow, and the moon lent her silver rays, making a soft radiance of indescribable beauty.

No one can see the Grand Canyon in one view, for months and months could be spent exploring this gigantic work, and even then powerless we

would be to shake off the charm of this "Titan of chasms."

Colorado Springs, Pike's Peak and the Garden of the Gods were still left for us to see, but with the spell of the canyon still enveloping us it was with little enthusiasm that we boarded the train. Twenty-four hours more of prairies, sand dunes, cacti and wilderness through Arizona brought us finally to Colorado Springs.

On stepping off the train naturally the first question is which is Pike's Peak? For here we were surrounded on all sides by snow-capped mountains, but when it has been pointed out to us once, it is never forgotten.

We take the cog-wheel road at Manitou for our ride above the clouds—up Pike's Peak. For ninety minutes the little engine chugs up and up through little glens that soon emerge into canyons, verdured hills that soon disappear and leave the big bleak peak a towering monument. Vistas open everywhere. The air grows chilly, windows must be shut down and wraps are quickly sought. As we step out of the car what a sight greets our eyes! What magnificence, what immensity sweeping in all directions! The world is now before us! Spread out is a mighty panorama. Eighty miles away Denver can be recognized, Cripple Creek,

Goldfield and many other mining districts can be seen, while protruding their glistening crests above the clouds, spreading out their sheets of perpetual snow can be seen many mountain peaks. It was a sight never to be forgotten!

Pike's Peak is often termed "The Monument of the Continent." No term could be more fitting, for serene and bold it has stood throughout the cycles of time; and still it stands, giving to those who seek, a joy seldom experienced in one's life.

Fascinating, untiring of interest and beauty, are the drives from Colorado Springs, especially through the "Garden of the Gods," for here

stand rock formations of every kind, here the imagination plays, here one seeks to fathom the secrets of the "silent."

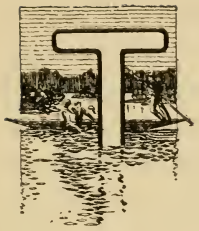
Helen Hunt Jackson, the famous writer of California romances, is buried in a beautiful spot outside of Manitou. She was only one of thousands who knew, felt and understood the natural beauty, the clear invigorating air, and the fascination of loving the West.

And now at Colorado Springs we realized our days of travel were over. We realized that the realities of all we had seen were to become memories—for we came east by way of Chicago.

After these years that have passed, the scenes, experiences, sunsets, moonlight nights and wonderments of all that vast West still live with me. I can see and feel it all now as I did then, and I know throughout the years to come nothing will change. A strange influence the West casts over me, one that can not be shaken. I know those who have been where I have, have experienced the same feeling of thanksgiving to God for making this world of ours such a place of beauty.

L'ENVOI

L'ENVOI



HERE is Alaska with her snow-capped mountains; the Canadian Rockies that speak wonderment in themselves, and California the land of perpetual sunshine, and the whole vast West that gives to us all that we are able to grasp, and yet not far from here is a tiny island in the Susquehanna River which gives to the heart more actual joy. There are no snow-capped mountains, there are no glaciers, there the sun does not always shine, but Love's Island

and the free life that is there lived makes us feel and know that overpowering Nature is not needed. There softness of beauty reigns, and looking towards the west at sunset it seems that the hills are bathed in golden splendor, and that the earth must surely be on fire, so magnificently does the sun sink to rest.

There life drifts by as the river flows, and a life of freedom is lived far from artificialities. We are wakened each morning by the many different song birds; we peep out of our tents and see the sun shining brightly on the river, and we feel very glad to be alive and to be so close to Nature.

We know we have a good day's fishing before us, so breakfast is soon over and we step into our flat-bottomed boats with the assurance of success and superstition of all true fishermen. We soon start slowly away, being poled by a picturesque looking "pusher" standing in the stern. The whole picture reminds one of Venice and the gondola, except these men must be even more expert than the gondolier, for the river is full of rocks that seem to hide their noses from us, and unless the "pusher" is careful he will very unexpectedly take a most undignified fall into the river.

Finding a current which promises

bass, our line is baited with a little catfish who demonstrates his dislike for a hook, and wiggling with all his might is thrown overboard as a dainty morsel for Mr. Bass. Then comes the real pleasure and excitement when the reel goes *burr*, *burr* and we feel the bass strike. To a fisherman is there a song sweeter than the song of the reel! Is there anything more exciting than playing a bass and finally after a good fight landing your prize! What does the fisherman care if his hopes and aspirations fall a few pounds short in reality compared to his imagination after the first strike! To the really good fisherman hours of wait-

ing mean nothing, for even one catch is enough to compensate.

"A three-pound pull, and a five-pound bite,
An eight-pound jump, and a ten-pound fight,
A twelve-pound bend to your pole—but, alas!
When you get him aboard he's a half-pound bass."

The bass in the Susquehanna River are even more gamey than elsewhere, owing to the rocky bottom, for there the fish play hide-and-seek with the bait among the rocks.

We return to our little island with a string of fine bass, varying from one-half to three pounds, and of course with stories of "the might

have beens" and the "fish that weighed many pounds" that got away.

One day when we had been out since daybreak, and the fish had refused to bite for some strange reason, leaving us very downcast at the thought of going empty handed, we had a very strange experience. We had just pulled up anchor and had gone but a short distance, heading for our island, when with one leap a bass weighing three pounds jumped in our boat. This story has been listened to many times with patience by a good listener and a fellow sympathizer, but I am afraid seldom believed; but as I

was there and was sufficiently scared by the sudden appearance of the fish, I know it to be true.

That night the bass are cooked for dinner, and how delicious they taste, for after a day spent on the water our appetite seems to grow. Then afterwards, if the moon is shining, we are poled up the river and float down with the tide.

What beauty and what rest do those nights bring! No sound but the farewell notes of a bird, an occasional croak of a frog, and the lapping of the water against our boat. What softness in the air, and how brilliant the stars! What a delightful and lazy life to lead as

over everything is drawn a veil of beauty, and we sink into a reverie of delight:

"The river forever flows singing along,
The rose on its bank stoops down to its song,
The flower as it listens unconsciously dips
Till rising wave glistens and kisses its lips,
But why the wave rises and kisses the rose,
And why the rose stoops for those kisses, who knows,
For away flows the river, but whither, who knows—who knows."

And so with each visit to Love's Island the same feeling of good sportmanship, rest and congeniality comes. This place of fairy beauty never grows tiresome, and those who

have been fortunate enough to have known it can always look back with naught but happiness and longing, for real life and the joy of living never die on "Love's Island."

H 107 89

ECKMAN
NDERY INC.
NOV 89
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962